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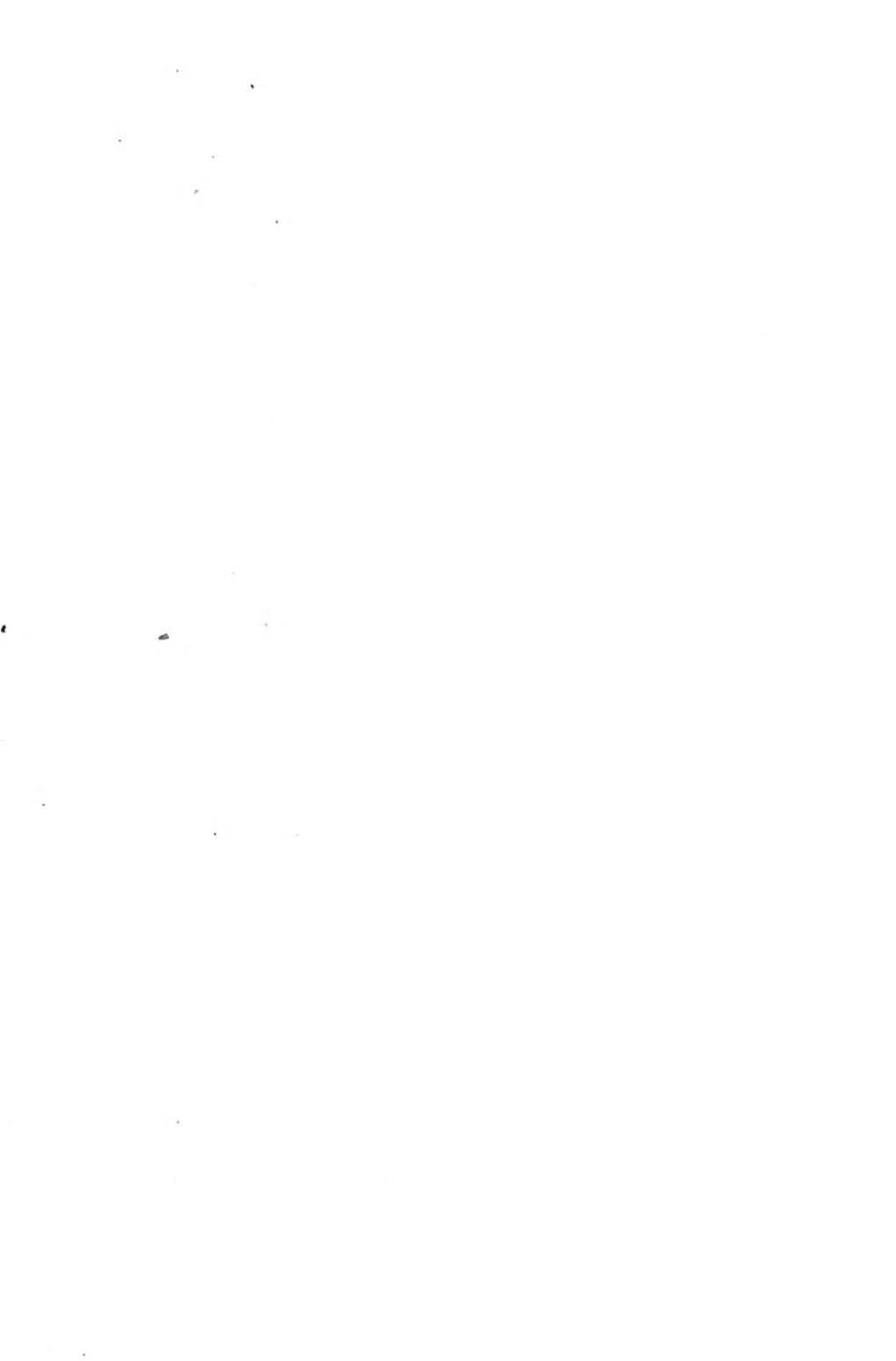
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“SOME OTHER DAY.”

“SOME OTHER DAY”

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

WILLIAM NICHOLSON

A COLORED SOCIETY SKETCH, WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST
OF CHARACTERS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DE-
SCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND
PROPERTY PLOTS, ENTRANCES,
EXITS, ETC.

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CORNING, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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TO THE
MINSTRELS AND MEMBERS
OF THE
ALLIANCE HOOK & LADDER CO.,
CORTLAND, N. Y.,
THIS
RELAPSE IN ONE AGONY
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED, BY

M. Nicholson

TMP 96-007510

“SOME OTHER DAY.”

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

(With the original cast as played at the Opera House, Corning, N. Y.)

REV. TIMOTHY TUGMUTTON, (<i>the Groom,</i>)	Mr. G. F. Kinsella.
MAGNOLIA RAVEN, (<i>the Lover,</i>)	Mr. O. M. Rothsus.
SOLOMON CLOUD, (<i>the Friend,</i>)	Mr. F. J. Saxton.
LEANDER BRUSH, (<i>the Artist,</i>)	Mr. C. K. Minor, Jr.
PATRICK DUDELET, (<i>the Servant,</i>)	Mr. F. E. Sharp.
BELINDA STEINBACHER, (<i>the Cousin,</i>)	Mr. W. B. Brown.
LILY DAY, (<i>the Bride,</i>)	Mr. Wm. Nicholson.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—TWENTY MINUTES.

ONE SCENE—AT VALLEY COTTAGE.

COSTUMES, ETC.

TUGMUTTON.—Old man. Lame. Black trousers, close fit. Clerical coat, collar, etc. Hickory cane.

RAVEN.—Fashionable gent. Striped trousers. Light overcoat. Red necktie. Silk hat. Gloves. Patent leather shoes. Cigars in vest pocket.

CLOUD.—Tennis suit. Striped blouse, dark blue. Racket.

BRUSH.—Light trousers. Artist's jacket. Roll collar. Pale blue necktie. Eye glass.

PATRICK.—Grey livery.

BELINDA.—Tennis costume and cap, light blue trimmings.

LILY.—White dress, etc., red trimmings.

BLACK FACE THROUGHOUT.

PROPERTIES.

Breakfast outfit (all dry), including biscuits, loaf of bread, oranges, watermelon, loving cup, water bottle, and table bell.

Two large razors for Patrick and Tugmutton.

One broom for dance. Patrick.

One dirk and two cigars for Raven.

One book, quarto, for Belinda.

One easel, artist's kit, picture of cottage, and stool with detachable leg, pipe, matches, and eye glass, for Brush.

Three branches, one for dance, Solomon, one stuffed one for Lily.

One tennis racket for Solomon.

One swing, as per scene plot. Cushion on end of settee (L).

SCENE PLOT.

Wood scene backdrop.

Wall 4 ft. high.



Easel and picture.



Right.

Swing.

*Breakfast
table for 6.*



*Tree
Branches.*



Left.

Orchestra.

“SOME OTHER DAY.”

(BELINDA seated on wall up R. C. reading; PATRICK arranging breakfast table; BRUSH seated 1 E. R. painting picture of cottage in 4 E. L. and whistling to which PATRICK dances a step or two.)

BELINDA (*looking up from book.*) Why, Patrick, good morning.

PATRICK. Mornin'.

BEL. On such a glorious morning six years ago—you remember it; blue was the sky, bright the sun, and over everything prevailed the sweet spirit of an heavenly peace. It was—

PAT. Oh yes; oh! me, oh my, oh! ta ra-ra!

BEL. Patrick Dudelet, on this day six years ago, my cousin, poor Lily Day, was to have been married.

PAT. (*dropping a dish on the floor.*) By Jumpin', Jimmie Johnson, —sure's yer born, the ditto day. If I ever set eyes on that ebony devil, Mister Magnolia Raven, well—(*sweeps razor.*)

Enter SOLOMON CLOUD, 2 E. L.

BEL. Ah! there's Mr. Cloud.

SOLOMON. I've been hunting for you, Belinda, all over the hp-hp-place, and there you are, beaming like a hp-p-ray of sunshine into the heart of this dark Cloud.

PAT. (*aside.*) Cheap at twenty cents a pound.

SOL. Eh?

PAT. Taffy.

SOL. (*pointing to Belinda's book.*) “And so they were married?”

BEL. Not yet. I've only reached the third chapter.

SOL. What is it? “In Darkest Africa,” “How to be Happy, 'tho Married,” hp-hp—“Letters from Hell,” or worse yet, “American Leads,” hp-hp—

BEL. Wait a minute. This is, as you know, Lily's wedding day—second edition.

PAT. (*aside.*) Bet you fifty, she eats breakfast *before* the ceremony this time.

SOL. (*to Bel.*) The “second edition,” what do you mean?

BEL. Six years ago to-day, Lily and Mr. Raven were to have been married. The day came, the day went, the wedding did neither.

SOL. The groom?

BEL. Stayed away. From that day to this she has not seen him; he has not even sent her a word, unless it be this book, which she received on that miserable morning (*getting down.*) The inscription tells the story (*sits, settee, R.*)

SOL. (*looking at back title.*) “An Exile in the Land of Nowhere,” hip-hip-so he skipped to * * * * *

BEL. No, no! Read the inscription, not the title.

SOL. (*sits beside Bel., reads.*)

To Lily from M. R.

My life, my all, even heaven away,

BEL. Has no such soul as thine,

SOL. And yet on this our wedding day,

BEL. I cannot call thee mine;

Still with this hope I go,—

SOL. Hearts torn apart, tho’ far astray,

(*enter TUGMUTTON, from cottage.*)

BEL. May meet again some other day.

SOL. (*both going towards c.*) I wish (*stealing his arm around her*) to-day was our some other day. (*Exit c. and R.*)

TUGMUTTON (*warmly.*) “Some other day”—five times this morning have I heard that phrase. Its uncanny. It begins to sound wierdly prophetic (*Going over to BRUSH.*) Still at it, Mr. Brush?

BRUSH. Yas, Mr. Tugmutton, still at it.

TUG. But isn’t it good; so like her home. It will make a pretty little gift for my pretty little bride. Will it be finished in time?

BRUSH (*languidly.*) I rather think so. I require an extra tube to bring out my high lights. * * * * has ordered and promised it. I am inclined to the opinion it will be here in season,—if not to-day, some—

TUG. (*shaking him fiercely.*) Don't say it, you, you— (*Exit enraged* I. E. L. *Enter PAT.* I. E. R.)

PAT. (*stopping at picture.*) Jimminy, ain't that slick!

BRUSH. Say, my man, who is that blasted old duffer—Tugmutton—the man with the hickory stick and the prohibition leg?

PAT. Why. Who. He—that's the Reverend Timothy. He's from the north—a parson without a church or a cent, I'll bet.

BRUSH. But I've painted this picture on his order—ah—it behooves me—no pay, no picture. Yas. Have you heard him preach?

PAT. Nah! That reverend coon can't preach any more than Col. White's old army mule could sing "Sweet Tra-lee."

BRUSH. I imagine if he ever had a congregation it was more sportive than religious—one of the kind before which they never read the Book of the Apostles for fear the members would skip out between the Acts.

PAT. He came down here, talked taffy-to-lu to Miss Day, is going to marry (*goes up*) and take her away unless I electrocute him before many moons. (*Beckoning to BRUSH and pointing c. and r.*)

BRUSH. Ah, yas, that's her—the captive maiden. (*Goes back.*)

PAT. And a captivatin' gal she am. (*Goes to table.*)

Music.

Enter LILY at c. from r.

Appropriate song and dance by Lily. Special dance in the chorus for BRUSH, PATRICK, TUGMUTTON, BELINDA and SOLOMON. At last chorus all exit except TUG. and LILY.)

TUG. (*leaning on cane.*) And now we are alone. Lily dear, this day will soon be to us a blessed memory,—and you will come to me—heart, soul, all?

LILY. All! (*Swings and knocks him over, exits quickly* 2 E. L.)

TUG. (*sitting on floor.*) How happy she is. Gone! I'll find her. (*Exit c. and r. Enter LILY* I. E. L.)

LILY. And now I am alone. Alone? No, for with me ever is my other self,—that inner self yearning for one I shall never see again. Smiles without, tears within. This is the day of my—funeral; before the sun sets I shall be forced by a relentless papa to marry a man I

can never love. (*Sits, settee 1 E. L.*) Six years, only six years ago, aye, with Armande Chandoce I can say,

" I have another life I long to meet,
Without (*enter RAVEN c. from L.*) which life my life is incomplete.
Oh, sweeter self! like me art thou astray,
Trying with all thy heart to find the way
To mine?

Straying like mine, to find the breast
On which alone can weary heart find rest."

RAVEN (*behind settee*).

Hearts torn apart tho' far astray
May meet again some other day.

LILY. Some other day—the words—the voice—oh, no!

RAVEN (c). Oh, yes.

LILY. Nolia, (*embrace*).

RAVEN. Together again.

LILY. No, parted—forever. Let me go..

RAVEN (*releasing her*). Forever?

LILY. Yes.

RAVEN. Never, Never! I've come to ex—

LILY. It's too late.

RAVEN. But I can explain— (*Enter TUG. 3 E. L.*)

TUG. Gracious, what a chase I—

RAVEN. Get out of here.

LILY. Mr. Raven, this is the Rev. Timothy Tugmutton. I marry him this morning.

RAVEN. What!—marry—this morning, and to this, this apostrophe. Nonsense; I will kill him first. (*Approaches TUG, who runs up c. as BRUSH, BEL. and SOL. enter. BELINDA bows coldly to RAVEN.*

BRUSH (*carrying picture framed*). My dear Raven, you are the last crow I expected to find (*grasps his hand and goes to easel*) here. What in thunder brings you to Valley Cottage?

RAVEN (*seated on artist's stool*). Then it's true?

BRUSH. Oh, yas—this morning. Here is one of the groom's presents (*looks at picture, Raven does not*). Cheer up, old chappie (*takes*

two cigars out of Raven's pocket). Let's smoke. Come. (*Exit 1 E. R.*)

LILY. I shall invite him to stay. Timmy love, and you too Solomon, go, bring him back. (*Exit SOL. followed by TUG. 2 E. R.*)

BEL. I would not ask a man to my wedding who had jilted me.

LILY. Don't be foolish, cousin.

BEL. Have it your own way, dear.

PAT. Well, Miss Lily, breakfast all ready. Don't remember to forget we have got to be at the old church by five minutes to eleven. Your old father has gone over there now. (*Exit in cottage. Enter RAVEN with SOL. and BRUSH behind 1 E. R.*)

RAVEN. Lily, I have come to wish you well.

LILY. You will stay? (*Enter TUG. 2 E. R.*) Say yes.

RAVEN. Yes.

PAT. Time's up.

BEL. Come gentlemen; the bride here (1), Mr. Brush there (2), Mr. Raven yonder (3), Mr. Cloud (*points to 4*), here the unfortunate (5), and on this (6) will Belinda rest.

3

4

2

TABLE POSITIONS.

5

1

6

LILY. Where could we find a better banquet hall?

SOL. So roomy.

TUG. Perfect ventilation.

BEL. And right jolly for a wedding breakfast.

BRUSH. Yas, but what a devilish idea this eating first and marrying afterward.

RAVEN. Fool.

SOL. Shut up. (BRUSH rises. LILY makes him sit down. BEL. whispers to TUG.)

TUG. Capital. (Strikes the bell, enter PAT.) The cup. (Exit PAT.) Miss Steinbacher proposes a toast (enter PAT. with loving cup) from each one. Lily (hands her the cup).

LILY (rising). I drink to the man I wed (TUG. throws a kiss) and the one I love dearest of all (drinks).

SOL. } (rising and bow- } Of course.

BRUSH. } ing together.) } Oh, thanks.

BEL. Now, one from me. Here's to the cup that inspires and the pipe whose "clouds all other Clouds dispel."

ALL. Oh!

SOL. I toast the Mutton on the hills, the Lily of the valley, hp-hp- the Raven of the woods and lunatics; the Brush hp-hp- who paints "the shadows ere the substance fade," and hp-hp- (looking at BEL.) the sweetest hp-hp- the hp-hp-lip-hp- drinks.

BRUSH. Hip, hip—

TUG. Hooray. (SOL. hits BRUSH with biscuits and TUG. on head with watermelon.)

RAVEN. I pledge all sulphurdom to the ass who said "'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

BRUSH. Well,—one, to our meeting again some other day. (TUG. throws loaf of bread, etc., at him. LILY interferes.)

PAT. (aside, taking cup away). Here's to what's left!

RAVEN. Do not forget, gentlemen, that there are ladies present.

BRUSH (behind TUG. knocks him over). Have one with me to-day. (Goes to easel.)

BEL. (leaves table). I am thoroughly disgusted. (Sits in swing. Enter PAT.)

PAT. (placing dishes before LILY, discovers RAVEN, draws razor, fights. SOL. and TUG. try to separate them. BEL. swings, knocks PAT. over, swings back, knocks over BRUSH, picture, etc. BRUSH pulls leg out of stool.)

BEL. (shouts). Police, Mother, Mother. (TUG. and BRUSH engage forced to table 3.)

LILY (to BEL.). Run for the neighbors, that way, I'll go this.
(Exit BEL. 2 E. L., LILY 1 E. R. RAVEN forces PAT. to table (5).

TUG. I'll some-other-day you, you miserable cur. (Enter BEL. 2 E. L.)

BEL. Nobody in. Oh, dear (helps SOL. Enter LILY 1 E. R.)

LILY (picking up branch, jumps on chair 1, upon table, takes a hand in general, table upsets, dishes break, LILY falls off and over BRUSH and TUG. at 1, BELINDA faints, SOL. drags her down, pours water over her face.)

BRUSH (crawling down stage at R. C.). I've killed the old sheep; he won't marry that Day, this day—(falls back).

SOL. Hp-hp- nor some other day. (Quick curtain.)



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